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REV. GRIFFITH JOHN.

For more than thirty years Rev. Griffith John has labored in China under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, and by his speeches and writings has excited a deep and widespread interest among the English speaking nations in the great work of opening Central China to Christian missions. Others have had more tragic tales to tell, but no missionary of recent times has enkindled deeper emotions in the breasts of old and young than he, when he has related, in words on fire of God, the simple tale of what God has done for him and his beloved Chinese converts.

The first impression of everyone who meets Mr. John is that he was born to be a missionary. The conviction deepens as you converse with him. One more gifted with the human qualities which are so advantageous in "winning souls," or endued with more of the tact and power needful to "become all things to all men," could not be imagined. A charming frankness, both in speech and manner; the power to put a question which would entail a confession, in such a way as to extract that admission without giving offence; a voice which conveys sympathy through the medium of the simplest words; and an easy self-possession which wins confidence yet ensures respect. These are combined with a strong and attractive physique, great intelligence and energy; whilst, beyond all, is a power which makes you feel that you are with one in whom dwells the "fulness of the Spirit," and who is "furnished completely unto every good work." The involuntary eulogium, recently passed by one of the heathen, whose claims he had been opposing, was, "That foreign teacher was a good man."

In Mr. John's preaching there is great power of expression. He has equal control over his thoughts and his feelings, and maintains a fair balance, being free from the coldness of the philosopher and the ravings of the enthusiast. The simple language and apt illustrations adopted, always suffice to convey the thought or emotion. In this he shows some of the chief requirements of the orator. There is also a clear and well-modulated voice, the persuasive earnestness of which has a peculiar power over a heathen people unaccustomed to such addresses.

That he has great linguistic aptitude is evident from the fact that in sixteen months after his arrival in China, he was able to preach in Chinese so as to command the unqualified admiration of those who were well acquainted with the language. Besides these qualifications, our brother has strong faith that it has "pleased God to reveal his Son in him, that he might preach him among the heathen."

It may interest our readers to know something of his early life. He was born at Swansea, in 1831, of parents who were remarkable for their Christian zeal and piety.

Mr. John's mother died of cholera in 1834. When about eight years of age, he was received as a member of Ebenezer Chapel, Swansea, and even then he frequently took part in the public prayer meetings. Shortly after this, he entered the employ of Mr. Williams of Onllwyn, who was a godly man, and soon perceived the promising character of the lad. He invited him to become an inmate of his house, and treated him with great kindness. Here, at the early age of fourteen, he began to preach in Welsh.

THE REV. GRIFFITH JOHN.

From the first he gave evidence of possessing oratorical gifts of the highest order. The people were delighted to hear him, and invitations flowed in from various churches in the neighborhood. Among the crowded audiences many were heard to say, "What manner of child is this?" and the strongest hopes were entertained that a brilliant future awaited him in the ministry of the Gospel. Much surprise was, therefore, occasioned when he suddenly withdrew from all public efforts, justifying his conduct by modest references to his youth, and consequent inexperience. For a time he exercised his gifts in more private forms of Christian work. At length, yielding to the solicitations of his minister, and the more prudent counsels of his friends, in his sixteenth year he recommenced his pulpit efforts in different parts of the principality, and with similar results. Everywhere he went it was soon manifest that in Griffith John God was preparing a mighty witness for Himself, and predictions were not wanting of a fame and career of usefulness as great as that of the venerated Christmas Evans, the Apostle of Wales.

It was represented that a course of study would be of great benefit, and his father asked the Rev. E. Jacob, who was then minister of Ebenezer Chapel, Swansea, if "he would teach Griffith a little." The kind-hearted pastor had given help to other young men who were preparing for the ministry, so, in November, 1848, he went to reside with Mr. Jacob and remained until 1850, when he entered Brecon College. In 1849, his father died of the same complaint as his mother. The bitter grief which he manifested at the grave so kindled the compassion of Mr. Jacob that he said he should never know the lack of an earthly father so long as he lived. The relationship thus formed has been maintained with touching ardor on both sides to this day.

From his own statement to a personal friend, we learn that he applied himself earnestly to study, with much success, and entertained the hope of becoming a popular preacher. Whilst indulging in this prospect, God met him and cast out the earthly ambition, and in its place inspired a desire to be a missionary to the heathen. Friends remonstrated and argued in vain about home claims—the Macedonian cry was being iterated by the Spirit in his heart. At first his thoughts turned towards Madagascar. Perhaps the fact of his *fiancée* being the daughter of one of the first missionaries in that land had prompted this feeling, but after a further course of study at Bedford, he left himself in the hands of the Directors of the London Missionary Society, who appointed him to China, a decision which has been fraught with blessing to thousands. Before leaving England, in 1855, he married Miss M. J. Griffiths, daughter of Rev. David Griffiths, who labored for many years in Madagascar. Mrs. John was a very effective worker, and did much good in a quiet way.

He first entered upon foreign service at Shanghai, where much useful information was gained. Beside the ordinary work of the station he co-operated in pioneer efforts by accompanying Rev. Dr. Edkins in 1857 to Soochow. In 1858 he established stations at Sung Kiang, and other places. In July, 1861, in company with Rev. R. Wilson, B.A., he removed to Hankow and laid the foundation of a permanent station in that city, which is the principal place for commerce in Central China, and then contained about 800,000 people, whilst the city adjoining had about 400,000 more. With characteristic promptness Mr. John preached the first day of his entry into Hankow. It has always been so with our brother—work first, personal matters afterwards. And only this enthusiasm and capability for arduous toil could have made the history of this Mission such a long series of successes. No one can read through his annual reports and letters without seeing that underneath all the facts narrated there runs an indomitable spirit of perseverance and of hard effort.

Between April and September, 1868, he travelled over 3,008 miles, visited Chengtu, capital of Sichuan, and Han-chung, in

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Shensi, and penetrated to regions where the glad tidings of salvation had never been heard before. Soon after he left Hankow to reside in the neighboring city of Wuchang. The opening of Wuchang is one of the greatest triumphs of Mr. John's career. The official capital of the two provinces of Hupeh and Hunan, it contained numbers of mandarins, literati, and officials, who not only hated the foreigner and his religion, but who were determined by all means to prevent his coming there. No strategist ever planned a more successful campaign, or followed up each advance with abler and surer movements. As "The first stroke is half the battle," if it be a good one, Mr. John, after a survey of the place, determined to visit the Viceroy, preparing the way by a present of his writings and tracts. This was a bold proceeding, and the mandarins were alarmed. They, with the literati and officials, went in a body to the palace, and indulged in the most vehement protests and virulent abuse. The interview of Mr. John, however, was so far successful that the verbal consent of the Viceroy was obtained. This "lip-sanction" the mandarins declared meant nothing, but a polite acquiescence, and was ignored in fact. A long struggle ensued, and a piece of land was obtained, but had to be relinquished for a less eligible plot, though with these advantages, that the attention of all in the two provinces was drawn to the combat, and the proclamation which was issued, authorizing the erection of a place of worship for "the religion of Jesus" on the spot selected by the authorities, virtually announced the humiliation of the mandarins, and the opening of the whole of both provinces for mission work.

In 1870 Mr. John, with his family, paid a visit to England. In 1872 he preached the annual sermon of the London Missionary Society, which subsequently had a large circulation as a pamphlet under the title "Hope for China." After a sojourn, prolonged on account of Mrs. John's ill health, they sailed for China in February, 1873. But his devoted helpmeet died on the journey, in the harbor of Singapore.

In October, 1874, Mr. John married the widow of Dr. Jenkins, of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission. This distinguished lady entered into rest on December 29, 1885. Her extraordinary character and arduous missionary labors deserve a distinct notice.

The provision of a Christian literature for China has often occupied the thoughts of Mr. John, and various contributions have been made by him from 1860 onwards. In 1882 he revised his previously published books and tracts, and added six more to their number. Seeing that the zeal of many for missions was flagging, besides "Hope for China," referred to above, he wrote just before leaving England, in 1882, "A plea for China." This stirring statement was widely circulated by the London Missionary Society. At the same time appeared "China: her Claims and Call;" also a most valuable booklet, entitled "Spiritual Power for Missionary Work," which is published from the office of this journal. This soul-firing address contains the clearest statements respecting the work and power of the Holy Spirit, with the most forcible illustrations, and many confess that its perusal has been to them "a means of grace" of the most awakening character.

Mr. John's chief literary work has been the translation of the New Testament into easy *Wen-li*—a simple form of the learned tongue—for the benefit of ordinary readers. Several portions were issued as soon as ready, and the complete version was published in 1885. It has long been felt by missionaries that if the common people are to read the word of God it must be conveyed to them in another vehicle than the classical language of China. This has resulted in translations being prepared in some of the provincial dialects.

Speaking generally of Mr. John as a missionary, we may say that unto him has been given in rich measure the spirit of wisdom. He has become a Chinaman in his sympathies, and has sought to know all sides of life and character in the national life of China. By a close study of their sacred books he has learnt what of truth they possess, and his wide experience has shown him how that lies dormant and degraded, while a soul-destroying superstition, or an equally destructive unbelief, reigns in their hearts. But while clearly seeing their plight, he does not go among them as some superior being, but as a brother, and as one who serves. This is partly the secret of his success. By his own testimony, it is during the last few years that real success has come to him as a missionary, since the time when he received as a special gift from God "power from on high." His simple story is that about twelve years ago he was deeply dissatisfied with himself and his work, and felt an unutterable need for more of the Spirit of God. His only resource was to lie in the dust before God, which he did for a whole day, waiting to be endued with power. The next day he went to preach, but without a text. God opened his lips, and while speaking a veritable baptism of the Holy Ghost fell on him and the converts. They were filled with joy, and on all sides those who believed rose up to bear testimony to the love of God, whilst many who had been babes in Christ Jesus became men, and spoke with boldness of Christ to the unconverted Chinese. Some of the vilest characters were changed, and went throughout the country, and soon strangers from afar flocked in, as they said, to hear the Gospel, for they had already seen it in the lives of the converts.

One source of joy to our friend is that he has been called to suffer persecution in various forms for Christ's sake. On his first visit to Hian-kan he was, with Dr. Mackenzie and some of the Christian Chinese from Hankow, who bravely formed a bodyguard, stoned by the people. On putting his hand to his face, and finding that blood was streaming down his cheeks, he said to himself: "I have suffered many things for Jesus Christ, but I was never permitted before to shed my blood for him." Not the least among his triumphs has been to open a chapel among these very people who had sought to take his life.

One feature in Mr. John's life must not be left unnoticed. It is the close and intimate communion which has always existed between him and his colleagues and native helpers. A pleasant spirit of deference and sympathy pervades their life. They work together, "in honor preferring one another."—*The Christian.*

OUTSIDE OF THE SCHOOLROOM.

WHAT A TEACHER CAN DO.

It is to be feared that some entertain the mistaken idea that they are appointed as teachers only for the short time which they are called upon to teach on the Lord's day, and then the function of their office ceases for six days. Any one who teaches in this way will not be successful in his important calling. For such, the question propounded may be in place.

1. The teacher ought to form a personal, intimate acquaintance with every one of his scholars. The spiritual condition and the inclinations of their youthful hearts ought to be known to him, for only then is he able to supply their spiritual needs. In order to make this acquaintance it will be necessary to learn something of their home life and the surrounding circumstances, which do much in moulding their characters and in producing their spiritual condition. Unless a teacher knows this, he is unable to deal with the scholar aright. In order to form such acquaintance it may be necessary for the teacher to visit the homes of his scholars, become acquainted with their parents, and win their hearts and confidence. The scholar must feel that his teacher is one of his best friends—one in whom he can confide. There may be circumstances where it is necessary for the teacher to aid the scholar also in temporal affairs. He may be able to find him a position where he will be under Christian influence and care. The teacher should have, like a faithful shepherd, a watchful eye over his little flock.

2. The teacher ought to bear his class upon a heart of earnest prayer day by day. If your scholars are children of God, they need his grace hourly, and your prayers will follow them to the places of temptation, and will become to them a fortress against the wiles of Satan and the temptations of this evil world. Are they unconverted, then God has entrusted you with the work of bringing those little ones to Christ. There may be no one else caring for those souls, and no one can have a greater influence over them than a faithful teacher. In the exercise of this God-given privilege we may be instrumental in the great work of soul-saving; and even when our scholars close their hearts against any influence we can bring to bear upon them, and when it seems we can do nothing for them, we still have access to God by prayer in their behalf.

3. It is a universally accepted truth that actions speak louder than words, and, through our actions, we can exert a quiet influence upon our scholars day by day. We shall be observed by them, and they will take us as their model. By a life true to God and true to our trust we may be helpful to them. There are teachers who undo during the week what they have accomplished in teaching on the Sabbath. If we expect good and lasting results from our teaching, we must live what we teach. Young people are close observers, and confidence once lost may never be restored.

Teacher, do your duty outside of your class-room!—*Rev. S. L. Umbach in Evangelical S. S. Teacher.*

YOUR REWARD.

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right; give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more; love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is Heaven, and is God within you.—*F. W. Robertson.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 21.

THE STONES OF MEMORIAL.—Josh. 4: 10-21.

COMMIT VERSES 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land.—Josh. 4: 22.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The memory of past mercies from God gives courage and faith in the present.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Josh. 4: 1-9.
T. Josh. 4: 10-23.
W. Ex. 12: 14-28.
Th. 1 Cor. 11: 23-34.
F. Ps. 97: 1-16.
Sa. Deut. 32: 1-20.
Su. Ps. 103: 1-22.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

10. *Stood in the midst of Jordan:* 2,000 cubits above the crossing-place of the people. *Hasted:* not so much from fear as from a desire to actually take possession of the land so long sought. 12. *Passed over armed: i. e.,* only the soldiers, to aid their brethren in battle. 13. *About 40,000:* their whole number of men fit for war was about 110,000 (compute from Num. 26: 7, 18, 34). The others remained behind to protect the families and possessions on the east of Jordan. 19. *First month:* Abib, called also Nisan, comprising parts of our March and April. 20. *Twelve stones:* brought up by twelve men, one from each tribe, from the place where the priests stood firm in Jordan (3: 11; 4: 3). *Pitch:* set up, probably on some hill or mound. 21. *All the people of the earth might know:* the Israelites did not receive all these blessings for themselves alone, but for the world. The memorial was an invitation to all to come and trust and serve God. *The hand:* the instrument of action and of power—God's power.

SUBJECT: MEMORIALS OF PAST MERCIES.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE MIRACULOUS PATH THROUGH JORDAN (vs. 10-18).—By what miracle did God enable the Israelites to cross the Jordan? How many whole tribes went over? Why did they haste? The soldiers of what other tribes went with them? Was this the whole number of soldiers in these tribes? (Num. 26: 7, 18, 34.) Where did the priests stand with the ark? What good effect did this miracle have? (v. 14.) What took place when the priests left the river bed?

II. THE MEMORIAL MONUMENT (vs. 19-21).—Where did the Israelites make their first encampment? Where was Gilgal? Who were appointed to bring some large stones from the river bed? (3: 12.) From what part of the river were they taken? (4: 3.) Where were these stones set up?

What was one object of setting up this memorial? What would the children learn from it? How would it give them courage and faith in times of difficulty and danger? Should children inquire and study about such things? What other object in setting up this memorial? (v. 24.) Meaning of "hand of the Lord?" Were such wonderful works in behalf of his children an invitation to all peoples to love and serve *him?*

III. OUR MEMORIALS.—Of what is Christmas a memorial? of what is Easter? What good does it do to keep such days as memorials? Of what use is it to observe New Years' days? birthdays? anniversaries? Is it good for us to keep in mind the great things of the past? What effect will it have upon the present?

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What is the great Christian memorial? (1 Cor. 11: 23-26.) Of what is it a memorial? What good comes from observing this memorial? How does it prove that Christ lived and died? Repeat some scriptures about remembering. (Luke 24: 6; John 15: 20; 16: 4; 2 Pet. 1: 15; 3: 1.) Does remembering God's works and words help us to grow in character?

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 28.

THE FALL OF JERICHO.—Josh. 6: 1-16.

COMMIT VERSES 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days.—Heb. 11: 30.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Victory over evil through faith.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Josh. 5: 1-15.
T. Josh. 6: 1-16.
W. Josh. 6: 17-27.
Th. Heb. 11: 21-40.
F. 1 Cor. 1: 18-31.
Sa. Ps. 2: 1-12.
Su. Ex. 23: 20-33.

PLACE.—Gilgal and Jericho. Gilgal was about 5 miles west of the Jordan. It lay in the eastern edge of a beautiful forest of palm-trees, 8 miles long and 3 miles wide, while Jericho was about a mile and a half to 3 miles distant in the western edge. Jericho was the largest city in these parts, strongly fortified, and was the key to Palestine.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Israelites, after crossing the Jordan on the 10th of Nisan, went up the western slope of the valley, about five miles, to Gilgal, where the memorial stones were set up. Here they renewed the rite of circumcision, and then held their greatest religious feast, as consecrating themselves anew to God at the very outset of their new life.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Now Jericho,* etc.,: this verse belongs in a parenthesis. *Straitly:* strictly. 2. *And the Lord said:* the captain of the Lord's host who met Joshua outside of Jericho (5: 13-15). 3. *Compass:* march around. It was done in the morning (v. 12.) *Six days:* once each day. The delay tested the faith of the Israelites, and called the attention of the Canaanites to God's wonder soon to be done. 4. *Trumpets of rams' horns:* not the silver war trumpets, but those made of rams' horns, or of metal in the shape of horns, used in calling to religious services. *Seven times:* if it took an hour to go round the city, with half-hour rests between, it would take till toward evening to complete the task. 5. *All the people shout:* each one should join in doing his part and showing his faith. 9. *And the armed men went before:* the procession consisted (1) of armed men, as a guard, for safety, and for honoring the ark; (2) the priests and the horns heralding the ark; (3) the ark borne by priests, the central object, showing that God was the central hope and power; (4) the rearward of men of Israel. 16. *Shout:* the victory did not come through the shouting. It was a miracle direct from God's hand; but the shouting connected the miracle with the people and the faith in their hearts.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CANAANITES.—(1) The right of Israel to Canaan was that God gave it to them. (2) He took it away from the Canaanites on account of their wickedness. Their religion was the foulest and most degrading idolatry. (3) It was as right for God to use the Israelites as the instrument of destruction as it would be to use an earthquake or a pestilence. (4) This instrumentality showed clearly that the punishment was from the God of Israel. (5) It inspired the Israelites with a horror of the Canaanites' sins. (6) Their total destruction was necessary to prevent the true people, and the true religion, from being contaminated. (7) Otherwise all true religion would have been lost from the earth.

SUBJECT: THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH.

QUESTIONS.

I. ORDERS FROM OUR CAPTAIN (vs. 1-5.)—What can you tell about Jericho at this time? What is said of the state of siege? Where did Joshua go to reconnoitre? (5: 13.) Who met him there? How do we know who he was? (v. 2.) Could Joshua and the Israelites have captured the city alone? What plan did the Lord reveal?

NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—Who is the captain of our salvation? (Heb. 2: 10.) Give some description of him! (Rev. 19: 11-16.) What have we to subdue? (Eph. 6: 12; Mark 16: 15.) Is it a great work to conquer our own hearts? (Matt. 15: 19.) Can we gain the victory by our own strength?

II. THE WORK OF FAITH (vs. 6-14.)—Who went first in the procession around Jericho? Who followed? What was the central object? Who brought up the rear? Was the procession silent or noisy? How many times did they go around the city each day? For how many days? What was the object of this long delay?

Is the work of subduing our hearts and the world a long and tedious one? Does it require much faith?

III. THE VICTORY OF FAITH (vs. 15-16.)—How many times did the procession go around the city on the seventh day? What was done while the people were surrounding the city the seventh time? What was the result? Did the shout cause the walls to fall? What was done with all the people in the city? (6: 21-25.) Can you show how this was necessary and right?

NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—Can we gain the victory over our sinful hearts? By whose power? Is it a work of faith? (1 John 5: 4.) Have we a part in it? (Jas. 2: 17-18.) What promise to those who gain the victory? (Rev. 3: 5-12.) How is the victory over Jericho a type of the victory of Christ's people over the world? (1 Cor. 1: 23-29.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter, 1888.)

1. Oct. 7.—The Commission of Joshua.—Josh. 1: 1-9.
2. Oct. 14.—Crossing the Jordan.—Josh. 3: 5-17.
3. **Oct. 21.—The Stones of Memorial.—Josh. 4: 10-24.**
4. **Oct. 28.—The Fall of Jericho.—Josh. 6: 1-16.**
5. Nov. 4.—Defeat at Ai.—Josh. 7: 1-12.
6. Nov. 11.—Caleb's Inheritance.—Josh. 14: 5-15.
7. Nov. 18.—Helping One Another.—Josh. 21: 43-45 and 22: 1-9.
8. Nov. 25.—The Covenant Renewed.—Josh. 24: 19-28.
9. Dec. 2.—Israel under Judges.—Judg. 2: 11-23.
10. Dec. 9.—Gideon's Army.—Judg. 7: 1-8.
11. Dec. 16.—Death of Samson.—Judg. 16: 21-31.
12. Dec. 23.—Ruth's Choice.—Ruth 1: 16-22.
13. Dec. 30.—Review, Temperance. Num. 6: 1-4.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MY BOY'S ROOM.

A TRUE STORY.

"It is high time that boy was turned off," every one in the house, and numerous friends outside of it, said, who knew that the trundle-bed in his mamma's room still nightly held a big nine-year-old boy.

"But where shall I turn him?" was the query that sorely perplexed me: Where shall I find sleeping quarters for our little boy, in this roomy old farm-house with four big square rooms above four big square rooms, opening into a long, wide hall up stairs and down, but no cosy little bed-room, or nook anywhere, that I could take for our boy's room.

"It's a pity if there isn't room enough in this old ark for one small boy to sleep, when years ago, a dozen boys and girls used to be stowed away in it!" John said when I broached the subject to him.

"Yes, but your mother and grandmother had two or four or six boys to turn off at once, and could fill up that big bleak north chamber that we had to take for Mary's room when our household commenced living in two families," Aunt Aggie answered coming to my rescue. "Harry ought to have a little room opening from yours, but this house affords no such quarters, having twenty-two down stairs windows but not a closet or bed-room and every chamber is occupied."

"All but the ell-chambers," and then the thought flashed into mind that carried out has given my little boy a cozy, pretty room that he delights in showing to every boy of his acquaintance.

The ell-chambers were two bare, cheerless rooms with dingy plastering dropping in places from the laths, streaked with candle smoke and marks of oily heads and rough yellow paint that tobacco stains and a leaky roof, years before, had defaced.

Why not renovate these rooms that have not been occupied since the hired men moved out for good, years ago: whitewash, paint, and paper, and give Mary, our trusty girl, the larger room and Harry the little chamber opening from it?

I could not have thought of putting our little boy so far from us at night, to put out of hearing the soft, little breath that for nine blessed years I had nightly listened for and never missed from our room, if Mary had not readily consented to this change of apartments and promised to promptly rouse me should croup threaten, or toothache, or any ache make the little fellow restless.

The loosened plastering I picked from the laths and filled all such gaps in the ceiling and walls of the two chambers with mortar.

When these patches had hardened, I gave the dingy plastering three coats of whitewash which transformed dirty, smoke-stained walls to those of glistening whiteness.

I always spread whitewash with a large paint brush, doing better work and finding it much less tiresome than a long-handled whitewash brush that will throw spatters in spite of care exercised. I mix lime washes of the thickness of milk, for thin coats do not blister and peel as thicker coats do and disfigure walls.

A two quart pail of white lead paint, mixed just right by a skilful painter, and a little vial of Prussian blue, that John brought from the village one day, were jubilantly received by Harry and me.

A few drops of the blueing tinted the paint a delicate color—a shade darker than the ground-work of the wall hangings I had bought for the rooms, and two coats smoothly covered the unsightly yellow paint that for a quarter of a century had been gathering to itself scars and stains.

The worn sash of the little seven-by-nine window lights, I also painted to hold the rattling panes firm in the crumbling putty, using a diminutive brush.

By holding a strip of glass close to the sash, between her brush and the panes, one can paint the sash without spattering or smirching the window lights.

—Harry proudly helped me select the paper; old-fashioned but dainty, tiny sprays of blue-petaled flowers and buds scattered among russet-brown vines and leaflets.

Plain white cotton curtains for the four windows, a white spread and bed valance I had intended for Mary's room and a dark patch-work quilt that would not show dirt for Harry's bed, but when I ran across, in a shop at the village, a web of blue scrim dotted with pretty flower clusters and leaves, I decided that white drapery was not fine enough for my two blue chambers and carried home in triumph twenty yards of the dainty blue-sprigged scrim.

The curtains I gathered very full, finishing with a deep hem at the bottom and a wide, full flounce at the top, and when they were up and all the odd and pretty bric-a-brac that Mary and Harry held in their possession, arranged on the walls of their chambers, we doubted if grandpa, who had lived in this home for ninety-one years, would have recognized the ell-chambers of his house, had he climbed the stairs to see them.

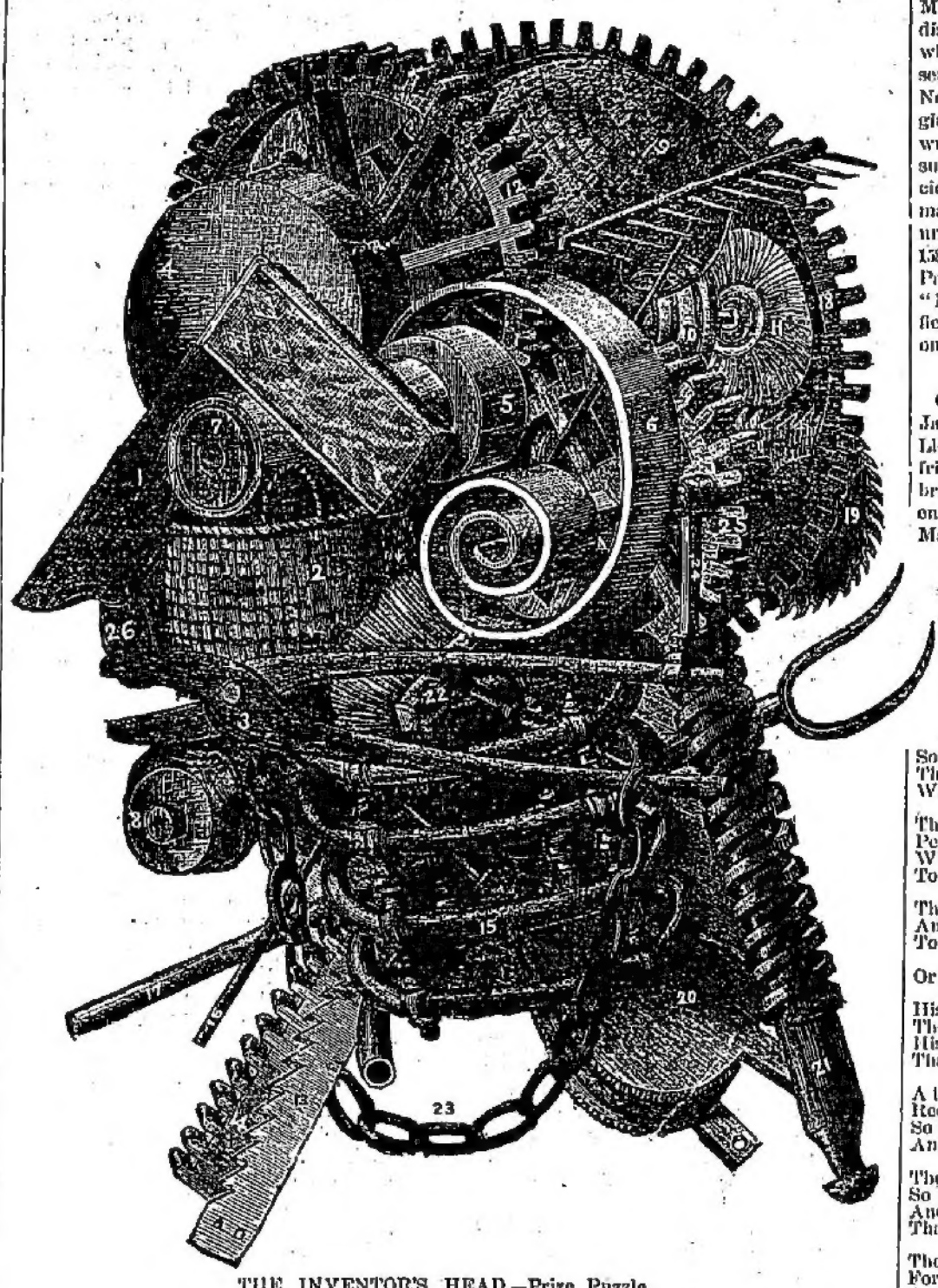
"Mamma, why can't I have a white spread like Mary's. I don't want that old black quilt on my bed," a pleading little voice said at my elbow as I patted two fat pillows into their cases.

"A white spread on your bed! Oh, Harry, when you will be sure to sit on it with muddy clothes and boots, and wipe on it pitch and smut and wheel-grease and red chalk, or whatever your busy fingers have been into last, and—"

"No, mamma, I'll be very, very careful and remember to keep my boots and paint brushes and glue kettle off the bed, and besides, if I should get any dirt on the spread, Mary could wash it, and the quilt she couldn't and it would be a dirty, old thing, blacker than ever!"

Wise logic that. I heeded and draped the bed in the little blue chamber with a dainty, white spread that Harry guarded so carefully it required washing but twice from May to December.

"Now don't spoil it all by hammering away at the little fellow, day in and day out, to keep his room picked up and neat as a band-box. Give him a chest for his best clothes, a row of hooks for his every day waists and pantics, and a lot of drawers and shelves for his tools and the trumpery he will whittle and the rubbish he will gather;" an old auntie said, whose grown up boys had settled as near as possible to their mother's home, when I showed her Harry's room. I listened to her advice and shut my eyes to the heterogeneous collection—"skulch," Mary calls it, that crowd his table and shelves. A S. S. lesson quarterly, a pitch pine cone, a drawing slate, a mat of burdock burrs, a paint box, perhaps, in one pile: A scalloped fritter of dried blue clay, a tangle of strings, a fish hook between the leaves of the last "Pansy," a medley of jack straws and school cards, the whittled spokes of a brave water-wheel nearing wobbling completion, a litter of chippings left of the last kite attempted, a paper of tacks holding the leaves of his open testament in another, and on the walls, hung high and low, are treasures he has gathered from fields and woods: Hornet's nests and bird's nests impaled on branching twigs that some day's wind sent whizzling from their limbs; toad-stool brackets and nodding bunches of wild grasses with brown rattling seed pods, cat tails and ripe milkweed shuttles with a gleam of silver between their clam shell lids; and I, who had thought to insist on



THE INVENTOR'S HEAD.—Prize Puzzle.

it will help keep in tender, loving remembrance his childhood's home and truths we have taught him here."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

EGG SALAD.—Put the crisp leaves of a head of lettuce in a salad-bowl, and add four sliced hard boiled eggs. Sprinkle a dozen minced capers over the whole, and add a plain dressing made of one saltspoon salt, one-fourth saltspoon pepper, one tablespoon oil. Mix and add to salad, toss the lettuce lightly and add one tablespoon of vinegar; serve.

OUR PRIZE PUZZLES.

THE INVENTOR'S HEAD.

We are now able at last to set before our readers the results of this interesting prize competition. Thirty one young people entered the lists, seventeen boys and fourteen girls. Who would have imagined that so many of our girls had a good knowledge of mechanics? We did not certainly, but this competition has shown us how mistaken we were, and has almost led us to regret that we had not offered two prizes instead of one.

The winner of the prize "The life of James Nasmyth," the inventor of the steam hammer, is Master George W. Patterson, Aurora, Ont., who discovered twenty-three of the twenty-six objects which went to make up this wonderful head, and sent us the whole in quite ingenious rhyme. Next to him comes Miss Sadie Corning, Chegoggin, N. S., whose letter, though not quite so well written, still shows the same knowledge of the subject, in consideration of which we have decided to give her an extra prize and so have mailed to her a copy of our handsome, new volume of "Reprinted Stories," a large volume of 158 pages containing "Christie's Christmas," by Pansy; The Water-waifs," by Emma Leslie, "Noblesse Oblige," "Red Dave," "The Battle-field," and scores of shorter stories with pictures on every page.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Others deserving honorable mention are John James Purdie, who discovered nineteen articles; Llewellyn Moorhouse, eighteen; Florence Leifridge, Edward E. Brown and Alexander Barbrick, seventeen; and Charles Newcombe, Florence Hardinge, Dolly Ann Noice, and John Thorn Mackay, each sixteen

The following is the answer for which the prize was awarded.

THE INVENTOR'S HEAD.

The top of this head is a large cog-wheel,
Which if set in motion would make his head reel;
A globe represents the brain of this man,
As though he took in the whole world at a scan.

The end of a shaft shows the form of his eye,
So quick to detect all the plans that go by;
The nose is then formed by a nice little square,
When properly followed does everything fair.

Then under his nose is a tube or a pipe,
Perhaps that is so that he won't have to wipe,
Which, if I was a man I would greatly prefer
To a tobacco pipe or stinking cigar.

The mouth is then made with a large pair of tongs,
And a pitchfork is there and it has two prongs
To catch the right words and throw out the wrongs,
Or pitch the key-note of the tune for his songs.

His throat is then formed by the pipe of a still,
The devil's invention men's graves for to fill,
His chin is a roller that winds up the chain
That opens his mouth and shuts it again.

A throat made so foul by the juice of the still
Requires an effort to cleanse it out well;
So there's a brush and a bellows, and basket to fill,
And a buck-saw to cut off the evil at will.

The ear is then formed by a large main spring,
So quick to detect the least little thing.
And carry it up to that Globe of a brain
That sets the machinery in motion again.

There is also a rake, stuck in with the lot,
For Inventor's ideas are hard to be got,
And require many a rake and a scrape
And very expensive things, too, if they're bought.

Then there's a pulley, a lathe, a pitman and saw,
And cogs used in saw mills there logs for to draw,
And likely much more that I have not yet seen,
For want of experience to make my eye keen.

Then behind this great structure is placed a set screw,
To raise, to level, and balance, the brain;
Of all things is this the most needful to do,
And without it this conglomeration is vain.

But you gave me this head and I put it to soak,
The wheels got to moving and the tongs they spoke,
They have not any tongue, so they can't tell lies,
And now, Sir, I hope you will send me the prize.

Yours truly,
GEORGE W. PATTERSON.
Aurora, Ontario.

WHAT IT CONTAINS:

1, Try square,—nose; 2, Basket,—cheek; 3, Blacksmith's tongs,—mouth; 4, Roll,—forehead; 5, Roll,—temple; 6, Scroll or spring,—ear; 7, End of shaft,—eye; 8, End of shaft,—chin; 9, Globe; 10, Cone pulley; 11, Circular brush; 12, Cog-wheel; 25, Cog-wheel,—brain; 13, Jig-saw; 14, Pinion-rack,—ruffled shirt bosom; 15, Worm of still,—neck; 16, Rake-handle; 17, Fork-handle,—cravat; 18, Cog teeth; 19, Circular saw, Rake teeth,—hair; 20, Bellows,—lungs; 21, Screw,—cue, Tines of fork,—tie of cue; 22, Floor-brush,—whiskers; 23, Chain; 24, Connecting-rod,—to open jaws; 26, End of pipe.

The Family Circle.

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the things you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flowers you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghost to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried to much too say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chance to be angels
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives the bitter heart-ache
At the setting of the sun.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE LIGHT OVERCOAT.

BY FLORENCE R. HALLOWELL.

"I will be very anxious about you, George; you must write to me as often as *you can*," said Mrs. Morris, as she stood at one of the front windows of her little cottage one March morning, watching for the stage, which was to carry her only son away from her.

"You need not waste any fears on me, mother," returned George, swinging over his shoulder a strap containing a dozen well-worn books. "I will get along: you can be sure of that."

"I know you have plenty of courage and endurance, my son, but I fear that in your efforts to carry out your desire for a college course, you may make sacrifices that will injure your health."

"I don't think there is any danger of that," said George. "I've made a close calculation, and my money will just carry me to the middle of June."

"But have you allowed nothing for extra expenses, George?"

"Not a cent; for there won't be any extra expenses," answered George, laughing. "Now, mother, just trust me. You'll see that I'll come out all right. Mr. Forbes has promised to let me have a school for the summer term, so I can go right to work as soon as I come home, and be able to earn enough to take me back to college next fall. So there's no need to worry, mother, you can depend—but there comes the stage," as the loud blast of a horn was heard; and he turned to pick up the shabby old black valise which contained his clothing.

"I am so thankful that I was able to buy you this warm overcoat, George," said his mother, laying her hand on his arm. "I would have felt badly to have you go away without one. Now you will, at least, be protected from the cold."

"It was the best present you could have made me, mother. I only wish you had not parted with grandmother's silver spoons to get it. I know how much you have always thought of those spoons."

"Not as much as I have always thought of you, my boy," said Mrs. Morris, smiling, "and you needed the coat far more than I needed the spoons."

The stage was now at the door, and George, giving his mother a fond embrace, and feigning not to see the tears that gathered in her eyes, opened the door, and a moment later was jolting away down the rough, frozen road to the railway station eight miles distant, where he was to take the cars for the town in which —— College was situated.

Left fatherless at ten years of age, George Morris had early learned lessons of industry, prudence and economy. He was a boy of the most indomitable courage and perseverance, and having determined when only twelve years old that he would obtain a college education, and thus fit himself to win honor and station, he bent all his energies in that direction, and surmounted obstacles which would have stood like lions in the pathway of almost any other boy of his age. He was such an earnest student that he stood at the head of all his classes in the village school, and conned his books out of school hours to such good result that when but fifteen he was given a place as teacher in one of the country districts.

By the exercise of the closest and most rigid economy, and by denying himself all amusements that involved any outlay of money, he at length succeeded in saving up enough to carry him through one term at college, and he felt very proud and happy as the stage bore him that cold March morning toward the Mecca of his hopes. Not a dollar had he taken from his mother, nor had he allowed her to contribute to his wardrobe anything except the overcoat, which she had given him as a surprise, and which had been bought with the money obtained by the sale of the only articles of any value the poor widow possessed—half a dozen solid silver spoons, left her by her mother. George had an abundance of socks, and several pairs of warm mittens, for these his mother could knit, but he had only one suit of clothes, and knew that he must exercise the greatest care in order to make them last until June.

On arriving in the college town his first movement was to rent a small room, which he furnished at a cost of eight dollars. As may be supposed, the furniture was simple in the extreme, consisting of a pine bedstead, straw mattress, one wooden chair, a small pine table and a second-hand stove, on which he expected to cook all his meals. He bought also a frying-pan, a small iron pot, and half a dozen stone china dishes, and considered himself well prepared for house-keeping.

He passed a very creditable examination, and entered on his work with all the ardor of his strong, earnest nature. So anxious was he to obtain the education on which he had set his heart that he felt it no hardship to live on boiled potatoes, corn-bread "dodgers," and rice, and to do his own cooking. He saw other young men of his own age, the sons of wealthy parents, dressed handsomely, and enjoying the luxuries of the club-house or hotel, but the contrast made him neither envious nor unhappy, and his letters to his mother were cheerful and sanguine in the extreme.

Three weeks went by, and George was beginning, by reason of his talents and industry, to win the respect of both classmates and professors, when an accident occurred as unforeseen as—in his eyes—it was terrible. He had always been fond of the study of chemistry, and the laboratory of the college afforded him a fine opportunity to make chemical experiments, which hitherto had not been possible, and he spent in this way much of his leisure time. While alone one day, engaged in trying an experiment with sulphuric acid and iron filings, he accidentally overturned the bottle containing the acid, and as he was standing close to the table, and had no coat on, the greater part of it ran over his pantaloons. In the greatest consternation, he seized the bottle of ammonia and hastily applied it; but with little effect. The acid had done its work, and the front of the only pair of pantaloons poor George possessed was burned to the lining from one pocket to the other.

Fortunately, he had his overcoat with him, and putting it on, he buttoned it all the way down, and hurried from the laboratory. Gaining the seclusion of his humble room, he sat down to think over the misfortune which had befallen him. No one who has not been in circumstances somewhat similar, can appreciate the despair which at first overwhelmed him. If he bought another pair of pantaloons, it would be at the sacrifice of several weeks of the term, which he felt he could not afford to lose; and he had determined when starting for college that he would never call on his mother for a penny, however great might be his need; for he knew how close was the economy she practised, and how hard she had to work in order to make both ends meet.

He was forced at length to the bitter conclusion that a pair of new pantaloons was out of the question; but what was he to do? To wear the old pantaloons in their present condition was impossible. His jacket would not half cover the ravages made by the acid. But his overcoat would. What was to prevent him from wearing his overcoat all the time? He would be called eccentric, of course, and laughed at; he would be made the target of many a joke, perhaps; but he must endure it, however hard and humiliating. Anything would be better than giving up even one week of the college term.

What courage it required to wear that overcoat day in and day out, in chapel and class, may be imagined. It was just at this time that Horace Greeley's white overcoat was so extensively noticed in the newspapers, and as that of George Morris was very light—almost a cream color—his classmates, and soon the people of the town, dubbed him "Horace," and it was not long before he found himself unconsciously answering to the name, so seldom, except from the lips of the professors, did he hear his own. As the warm days of May came on, George found the weight of the overcoat almost unendurable; but—a hero without knowing it—he continued to wear it, and never told his secret to any one.

He was thought eccentric, of course, for no one suspected the real reason the coat was worn, or that its wearer found the jests and laughter levelled at it, and the little notices about it in the town newspaper, bitter or mortifying. No one suspected that George had to struggle constantly in order to keep his temper, and to preserve the air of calm indifference he considered necessary to protect his secret.

But the long course of discipline came to an end at last, and one hot day in June, George, wearing the light overcoat, and with just enough money left to pay his fare, started homeward. It was late in the afternoon when the stage stopped at his mother's door, and he sprang down from the seat he had occupied by the side of the driver, very glad to escape further inquiry from that worthy as to his reasons for dressing so warmly with the mercury registering ninety degrees in the shade.

His mother was waiting for him in the cool, darkened "living-room," and embraced and kissed him with true affection; but the first words she uttered after her eager greeting were about the overcoat.

"Why do you wear this heavy coat on such a suffocating day, my son?" she asked, surprise in her tone and on her gentle countenance. "Surely you cannot be cold."

"I have worn it nearly four months, mother, cold weather and hot," answered George, and unbuttoning the coat, he threw it aside. "You can see the reason," he added.

For a moment his mother looked at him; then comprehending all, she burst into tears. George's arms were around her at once, his loving kisses on her pale, worn face.

"Do not think of it, dear mother," he said. "It has been a hard trial for me—I confess that—but it is all over now, and we need never speak of it again. I will buy on credit a pair of pantaloons this evening, and throw these aside. I am to begin teaching to-morrow, you know, and can soon pay for them. And you must think how much I owe that overcoat. But for it, I could not have finished my term."

But it was long before his mother would be comforted, for she knew what bitter mortification and humiliation her boy must have endured, and her loving heart ached for him.

The name of "Horace Greeley" stuck to George throughout his college course, even though he never again wore the light overcoat to which he owed it; but he had too much good sense to resent the appellation, and only laughed when inquiries were made concerning the discarded garment. He graduated from college with high honors, and now occupies an official position of such honor and trust that were I to tell his real name it would be recognized at once as that of a man who has given the best years of his life to a service which is famous on both sides of the Atlantic. He told me the story of the light overcoat with the earnest simplicity which is one of his chief characteristics, and in conclusion said:

"It is nearly thirty-five years since I wore that light overcoat, but even now I cannot think without a twinge of pain of what I suffered when I was earning the nick-name of 'Horace Greeley.' It has occurred to me sometimes that I suffered more than was consistent with my ideas of true courage."

But I do not believe that it ever occurred to him that he was a hero.—*Standard.*

STORY OF A SERAMPOOR TESTAMENT.

In commencing the mission to the Afghans the great desideratum was to get a Bible in the Afghan tongue. It was supposed never to have been translated into Pushtoo, and two or three officers at Peshawur had undertaken to translate some of the Gospels.

I at once remembered that in the year 1848, while acting for the Government of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh in the Derajat, I had seen a Pushtoo Testament in the possession of a fine old Pathan chief, who had received it in his youth at the Hudwar Fair, where he had gone to sell horses, from an English missionary, who told him that if he took care of it, and preserved it from fire and water, it would certainly be of use to him some day, when the English should come to his country. "That day," said the old chief, "has now come; and here is the book, uninjured by fire or water." So saying, he unrolled it from many wrappers, and I found it had been printed at the Serampoor mission in 1818. I read a few lines of it and saw that it was Pushtoo, in the Persian character. I asked him if he had ever read it. He said, "Our Moollah has read it and says it is a very good book and quite correct, for Father Abraham and Father Moses are mentioned in it." I returned the volume to the old man, though I fear it was for the noble qualities of himself and his son, and not for the sake of the Bible, yet certain it is that Ali Khan Kolachee, never had cause to regret that the English came into his country. Well, this incident flashed across my mind at once, when I heard everybody wondering what was to be done to translate the Scriptures into Pushtoo, and I mentioned it to Colonel Martin. Application was, I believe, made to the mission library at Serampoor; but strange to say, not a copy could then be found. I then wrote to my old friend Ali Khan, and recovered the precious volume; and I think it is impossible to consider this incident without being struck with awe and humbled at the long foresight of that omniscient and constant God who deposits his sealed-up purposes with unconscious man, and tells Futurity the hour to open and to read them. Thus was one mission at Calcutta, to be established in 1818, made to provide a translation of the Scriptures for another mission at Peshawur to be established in 1855; an Afghan chief was made to preserve one copy of this message to his countrymen for twenty years, when all others had either been lost or forgotten. The Pushtoo Testament thus found was placed by Colonel Martin in the hands of the Afghan branch of the Bible Society, and they most generously undertook to reprint and present to this mission three thousand copies of the Gospels of Luke and John, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistle to the Ephesians.—*Speech by Sir Herbert Edwardes at Peshawur.*

A MODERATE DRINKER became very angry with a friend who argued that safety was only to be found in total abstinence. "What, sir," said he, "do you think I have lost control over myself?" "I do not know," was the reply; "but let us put it to the proof. For the next six months do not touch a drop." The proposal was accepted. He kept to his promise, and at the close of the month he said to his friend with tears in his eyes, "I believe you have saved me from a drunkard's grave. I never knew before that I was in any sense a slave to drink, but during the last month I have fought the fiercest battle of my life. Had the test been tried later on, it might have been too late."

CHRISTIAN AND THE LIONS.

Now when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running against him amain; the name of the one was Timorous, and of the other Mistrust: to whom Christian said, Sirs, what is the matter? you run the wrong way. Timorous answered that they were going to the city of Zion, and had got up that difficult place: but, said he, the further we go the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again.

Yes, said Mistrust, for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, (whether sleeping or waking we know not); and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces.

Then said Christian, You make me afraid: but whither shall I flee to be safe? If I go back to mine own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there; if I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there.

So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But thinking again of what he heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that which was Beautiful, and it stood just on the highway side.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off of the Porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the danger that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them; for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none; keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.

Then I saw that he went on trembling for fear of the lions; but taking good heed to the directions of the Porter, he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the Porter was.—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

A ROLL OF HONOR.

Perhaps it would be better to write rolls of honor, for there are two. They hang almost side by side in the same Sabbath-school room, that of the First Presbyterian Church of Utica, N. Y. On one of these are inscribed the names of fifteen of the sons and daughters of the school who have given themselves to the Lord in the work of foreign missions. Some of these have already finished their course and entered into rest, while others continue in active service in the foreign field. On the other roll are the names of sixteen of those who were once boys in the school and have entered the gospel ministry. A noble record surely! fifteen missionaries of the cross, and sixteen ministers of the gospel besides. It is well to give these rolls a conspicuous place that the noble bands may be held in grateful remembrance, and that the members of the Sabbath-school may be excited to a holy emulation. Two of the names on the missionary roll are connected with a touching incident already familiar to many of the friends of foreign missions. They are the names of S. Wells Williams and his brother, Frederic. Their mother, as was her habit, was attending one of the monthly concert services for prayer. It was a stormy evening, and the meeting was held in the session house. The good old custom was then observed of mingling gifts with the prayers. After a stirring address by a stranger the plate was passed around the little company. Mrs. Williams had no money with her, but tearing the fly-leaf out of a hymn-book and borrowing a pencil from a lady who sat next to her, slip of paper on the plate. At the time when the she wrote, "I give two sons," and placed their mother publicly consecrated them to the Lord for the work of foreign missions, they were about thirteen and seven years of age respectively. And it is worthy of note, for the comfort of parents whose consecration of their children does not always seem to be accepted, that at the time of the mother's death neither of the boys had any idea of being a missionary. So a surviving brother writes. No one familiar with the history of foreign missions need be told that both of these consecrated sons have left an excellent record of faithful services in the irrespective fields of labor. The work of S. Wells Williams is known to the world in the line of eminent scholarship, his "Syllabic Dictionary of the Chinese Language" being a most remarkable contribution to linguistic lore; and the labors of his brother Frederic in eastern Turkey are said to have been most effective and enduring in their influence for good.

HINTS FOR THE WELL

BY L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE.

When an engine is running full speed, every part in perfect play, the engineer knows well that constant vigilance is the price of safety. If he relax his care to oil, polish and examine, trusting to luck and good chance to take him along safely, he will soon be dismissed for unfaithfulness.

The human body, that perfect machine, the man wonderful in the house beautiful, must also be carefully looked after by the engineer, otherwise the boiler will run low when he wishes the propelling power strongest, the tension snap when need of firm hold is greatest.

One is prone to forget the "ounce of prevention," but it must be remembered if good health is long retained. It pays to consider the matter. The "hints" given are from good authority, and I think merit attention.

Do not wear tight clothing; the obvious reason every intelligent mind can see. Cleanliness is next to godliness, therefore a virtue worthy of practice.

Do not eat too much. Each person can best determine for himself when that amount is reached. Dio Lewis says, "After all, it is not so much the quality as the quantity." Do not eat hot food, especially bread, and do not eat late at night.

Eat something within an hour after rising, if obliged to labor or study, or exposed to malaria or contagion. If possible eat in pure air, and not too fast.

Drink at close of meals, not too strong nor too hot; never a full glass of very hot or very cold liquid to wash down food, as the saliva is wasted and the stomach flooded.

Keep the body scrupulously clean; change clothing often worn next the skin, and do not economize in wash bills. Never sleep in clothing worn during the day.

Ventilation cannot be accomplished by simply letting the pure air in, the bad must be let out. If rooms, especially sleeping-rooms, are not constructed on this plan, a little contriving will find a way.

Have a stated time for going to bed, and if possible adhere to it. "Late hours are shadows from the grave."

Fail not to take full respirations. Deep breathing is one of life's strongholds, and pure air is free.

Watch the children in regard to health matters. Many delicately born children have been reared to strength and usefulness by careful adherence to hygienic rules.

Physicians differ widely in the *modus operandi* of disease, diagnosis and treatment, but all doctors of all schools agree in the beneficial effects of air, water and sunlight, and general hygienic principles.—*Christian at Work.*

BATS.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

What do you think of the singular appearing creatures we now place before you? Those seen flying through the air in the lower corner of the picture look very much like birds on the wing, while the half animal-like objects suspended from the branch of the tree, with their foxy-looking faces and heads hanging downward, do not have a pleasing appearance.

They are a species of bat found in the East Indies, and are called Kalong, or Fox-bat. Before more fully describing them we will first tell you that bats were long considered difficult to classify, such nondescript creatures with furry bodies like mice, yet skimming through the air with strange sort of wings. The Hebrews classified them among unclean birds, and it is said the seeming deformity and ugliness of the bat led the ancients to consider it as an impure animal. Aristotle, Pliny, and others also considered it a bird, and their opinion was copied during the Middle Ages and even down to a much later period. But naturalists now classify them among mammals.

The faculty of flight is found to depend on an entirely different organization in the bird and in the bat. The old English name, Flittermouse, and the German Fledermaus, indicate an early popular recognition of their true place in creation. Says an English naturalist, "Doubt as to the true classification of the bat has long since yielded to scientific investigation, their anatomical and intestinal structure, their viviparous nature, their hair, etc., entitling them to be ranked as quadrupeds. Still it is not to be denied that their peculiar formation is admirably calculated for the exercise of considerable power of flight. The air, indeed, is their home; through this they move with rapidity and with great apparent ease, wheeling in every direction in search of their insect prey."

It has been thought that bats in their mode of flight bear a strong resemblance to the swallow, exercising through a wise provision of Providence the same purpose in the economy of nature in lessening the insects of night as the swallows those of the day. Their senses of smell, feeling, and hearing are wonderfully acute. In many genera the nose is furnished with a membrane of most delicate structure, by which the sense of smell is greatly refined. The ears also in many kinds expand and are capable of being folded down, while their ample wings and the membraneous tissues of the ears and nose are so abundantly supplied with nerves as to enable them, even should they be deprived of sight, to pursue uninterruptedly their aerial course, avoiding every obstacle and passing adroitly through the narrowest aperture.

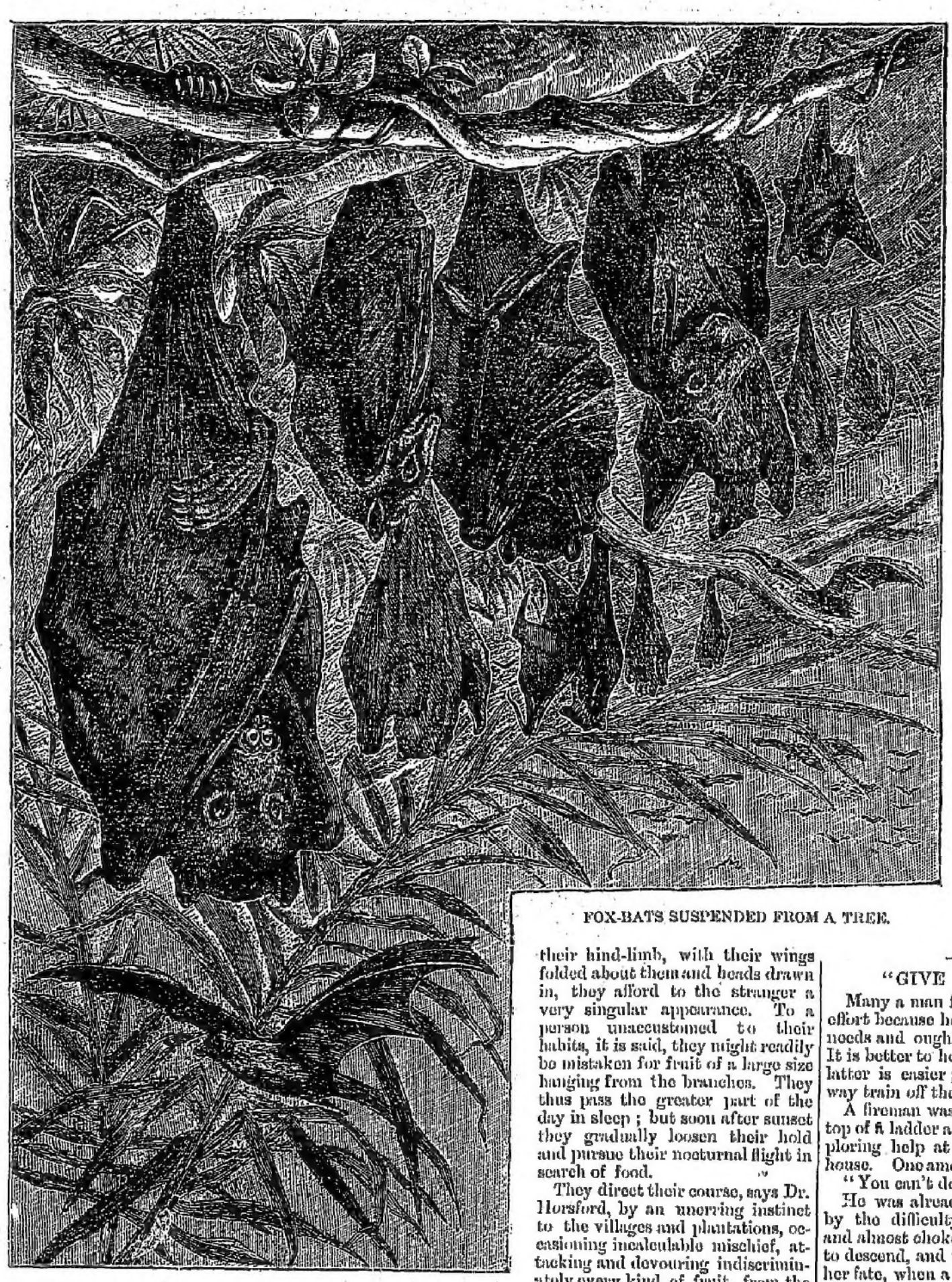
Cheiroptera, the name given to this order, signifies hand-wing, and has been given on account of the curious way in which the fore-paws, or hands, are developed into wings. The membrane which covers the framework of long, bony fingers, and so makes the creature's wings, is very thin, soft, and delicate and has no hair or fur on it. It is, however, plentifully supplied with nerves and is so sensitive that it serves like a second pair of eyes or as the sense of touch to the blind.

The whole number of bats known to Linnæus amounted to a very few species, not more, we find, than half so many as are now known to inhabit Great Britain alone. Since his day upwards of one hundred and thirty species have been discovered and described. They are found here in our country, in Europe, and in almost all parts of the world except the very coldest latitudes; but they are most numerous and of the greatest size within the tropics. Among these is the Kalong, or Fox-bat—*Pteropus Javanicus*. They belong to one or more species of the genus *Pteropus*, a frugivorous bat, that is, feeding on fruit, etc., instead of insects. They are principally inhabitants of Java and are the largest of all the *cheiroptera*. They are called roussette by the French naturalists, and often flying-fox by the Europeans in the East.

The Kalong is also found in the East Indies, Japan, Australia, Africa, and South America. Their food consists chiefly of bananas, figs, etc. The Javanese Kalong measures about five feet in the expanse of its wings; the head and body are more than a foot long. During the day great numbers may be seen hanging by their hinder claws motionless and silent on the branches of the trees which they have selected for their abode.

The body of the Kalong is covered with fur of a reddish-brown color. This and the other true *pteropi* have no tail and a smaller number of vertebræ than any other mammalia. The flesh of some of them is eaten, and one inhabiting the Moluccas and isles of Sunda has been called the eatable Kalong. It is said to be white and delicate.

This species of bat, as others, congregates in large companies, and when suspended from the branches of a tree they have mutually selected, by the claws of their hind-limb, with their wings folded about them and heads drawn in, they afford to the stranger a very singular appearance. To a person unaccustomed to their habits, it is said, they might readily be mistaken for fruit of a large size hanging from the branches. They thus pass the greater part of the day in sleep; but soon after sunset they gradually loosen their hold and pursue their nocturnal flight in search of food.



FOX-BATS SUSPENDED FROM A TREE.

They direct their course, says Dr. Horsford, by an unerring instinct to the villages and plantations, occasioning incalculable mischief, attacking and devouring indiscriminately every kind of fruit, from the abundant and useful cocoanut which surrounds the dwellings of the meanest peasantry to the rare and most delicate productions which are cultivated with care by princes and chiefs of distinction. The natives have to cover their mangoes with wicker baskets to preserve them from the havoc of these plunderers. "Just imagine," says Cecil, "the mischief if your neighbor's cat and all the rabbits and woodchucks of the forest could fly into your pantry and store-room and eat all the provisions that had been carefully hung up out of the way."

Bats in general walk or creep awkwardly upon the ground, one side of the body being jerked forward, then the other, yet they run with considerable swiftness. It has been said that they cannot rise easily from a level surface but must find some eminence before they can raise their wings for flight. This, however, has been disproved by placing a bat on the floor of a room. They produce one or two at birth and suckle them like other mammals, and it is said carry their young on their back when flying about.

In colder climates some of the species congregate in great numbers to winter in a dormant state in old ruins, churches, dark caverns, etc. They suspend themselves by their hind-claws with their heads downward. Here they crowd together, holding not only by the surface of the walls of their retreat but by each other, one crowding over another so closely that it appears scarcely possible for such numbers to occupy such a small space. Altogether they are a rather singular and repulsive animal, yet, likeall created things, have their work to perform in the economy of nature.

Scripture, though, speaks of them not only as unclean, but as emblems of darkness, desolation and ruin. And we are told "sculptors have used them to represent *night* and *sleep*. As painters have given to angels the wings of doves, so they have *clothed* their demons with the plumeless, angular, yet powerful wings of bats. And an artist need only paint a gloomy, rocky cave mouth, with the outline of a bat's wing in the thickening shade to suggest a horrible den peopled with fallen spirits." — *Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

KNOWLEDGE is not extemporaneous. It is not a sudden acquisition, any more than a ship, or palace, or a city with its splendid mansions, spacious avenues or extended commerce, are extemporized creations. Knowledge comes by endeavors, small, and yet continuously repeated. It grows, as wealth, by constant increments.

"GIVE HIM A CHEER."

Many a man fails in a good but difficult effort because he receives criticism when he needs and ought to have encouragement. It is better to help than to hinder, but the latter is easier; a child may throw a railway train off the track.

A fireman was trying to reach from the top of a ladder a poor woman who was imploring help at the window of a burning house. One among the crowd below cried:

"You can't do it; come down!"

He was already sufficiently discouraged by the difficulty, was somewhat burned, and almost choked by smoke. He began to descend, and was leaving the woman to her fate, when a man shouted:

"Give him a cheer!"

The vast crowd made the air ring with their encouragement, whereupon the fireman stopped, again ascended towards the window, and, aided by the cheering of the multitude, wrought a seeming miracle and brought the woman safely to the ground. "Give him a cheer" is a good motto.—*Christ Church Quarterly.*

IT IS MORE NOBLE by silence to avoid an injury that by argument to overcome it.—*Lord Berkely.*

THE SEEDS OF OUR PUNISHMENT are sown when we commit sin; the punishment itself is sure to come, sooner or later, as the inevitable harvest of our sowing.—*Hesiod.*

THE NOBLEMAN'S OFFER.

Lord Congleton, one of the band of earnest Christian workers, among whom Lord Shaftesbury was perhaps the most widely known—men who would be *noble* without hereditary titles, and who share that exceptional grace to which not many mighty or noble are called—had thrown himself heartily into evangelical work both among the London poor and upon his own estates. Not being gifted with all that persuasiveness of speech which some possessed, he found that few believed his report, and grieved that the message of God's love which he bore was rejected and neglected by so many. Pondering the matter in his mind, he sought to teach his tenants a lesson of faith which they could not well forget, and which might incline them to believe the testimony concerning Christ and his great salvation.

The session of Parliament was over and he started for his country-seat. The morning after his arrival he had the following notice posted in various conspicuous places about the village that lay upon his estate, and on the great gate of his private grounds:

"NOTICE.

"Lord Congleton will be present, with his steward, at his office in the village, between the hours of 9 a.m., and 12 noon, —— day of ——, and will then and there pay freely all accounts and debts, to whomsoever owing, of any of his tenants who cannot discharge their obligations. To avail themselves of this offer, the applicants must present their account in the form of separate bills, containing the exact amount and nature of the debts owing to each creditor. They must give also a statement of their own means and whatsoever property they may have. CONGLETON."

Soon around each placard a crowd began to gather. Curiosity, astonishment, possessed the villagers. "What does it mean?" Crowds gathered around the office. To one and all the steward gave only one answer: "That is Lord Congleton's signature; the notice speaks for itself." Further explanation of his master's motives he refused; nor would he answer any questions. "He was simply ordered to fix up those placards. That was all he knew."

The day drew on, with an increasing excitement on the part of the poor. Some looked at the latter clause. It seemed to intimate they must surrender all they had to claim the benefit. They were not insolvents, and so they concluded not to apply. Others had accounts of a nature they did not like to expose to his lordship. Others had little faith in the whole matter. 'Twas some new, unaccountable whim of Lord Congleton's. "But there's his own signature; he'll never dishonor that," said a neighbor. And so discussion ran high.

Many gathered up their accounts, and made out the required statements, resolving to see how others fared, and if they succeeded, present their list of hopeless debts. Some planned how to keep back part of their assests, and some again, deterred by arguments or ridicule, gave up all thought of the matter.

The day came, and the crowd of tenants and lookers-on were gathered near the office. All efforts to gather any further information were fruitless. A little before the hour Lord Congleton's carriage drove up, and he stepped hastily into the office, and the door was closed and locked after him. Precisely at nine a step came from the inner room, and they heard the bolt thrown back.

Men looked at each other. None were willing to go first, fearing either the confession of poverty or the ridicule that would meet an unsuccessful application. "You go and try, Jones," said a man to his neighbor. "I'm not so poor as you think for," was the reply, albeit each had shown friends their lists, and consulted with them about the debts they meant to present. So the minutes wore by, while men looked upon each other and waited.

It was near ten o'clock when an old couple, who, for two or three years had been inmates of the poorhouse, entered the group before the office. "Is it true," they said, "Lord Congleton has offered to pay all our debts?" "Don't know; he has paid none yet." "But has any one been in?" "Not yet." Just then the notice hanging outside the office-door caught the old man's eyes. It was faded by sun and rain. "Why, wife," said he, "this has been there for days, and I know his lordship's signature. Thank God! we can die at least free of debt," and they started for the door. "Ay, ay; you go first, old man, and tell us how you fare." "I don't think you are out of the poorhouse yet." "Guess he'll be fooled." So their neighbors' comments fell about their ears as they entered.

Within the inner office they found Lord Congleton and his steward. The old man laid his statement and bills upon the table, saying: "These are my debts, My Lord. I have nothing, but live in the poorhouse. This, however, matters little if I die debt free."

"Why should I pay your debts?" asked the nobleman.

"I cannot tell why except that you say you will. I know your signature, and I believe your promise."

"That is enough," said Lord Congleton.

The steward then made up the account, and drew a cheque, which he handed to his master. He looked at it, compared it with the statement and passed it with his signature to the old man. He earnestly thanked his benefactor, and then started to the door saying:

"I must tell my neighbors." "No, you must not," said Lord Congleton, "they must trust my word."

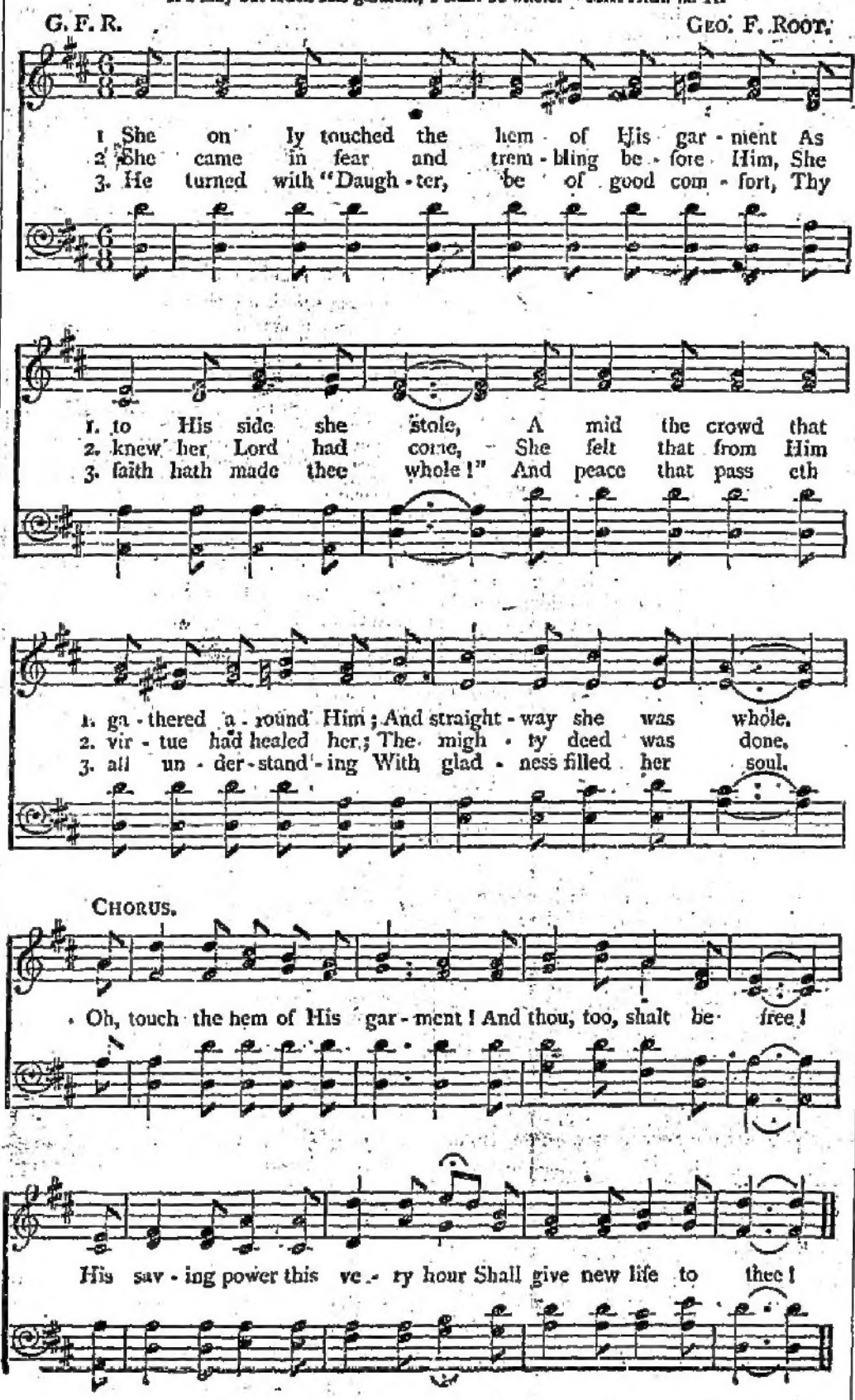
Then the old couple were shown into another room to wait till twelve, and in the meantime the steward told his master their history. Coming down from comparative comfort, their poverty had been misfortune, but not fault. Lord Congleton was interested in them, and ordered the lease of a little place to be made out in their name, which he added to the cheque.

Outside the time wore away, and as the old people did not come forth, all settled down to the opinion there was nothing in it. Twelve drew near. Men looked at each other, but did not go. Slowly the hour rang out, and with the last stroke the door opened and the old man came out. "Have you got your money?" With that he showed his cheque. "Good as a note of the Bank of England!" There was a rush around Lord Congleton as he entered his carriage, and men shook at him their statements. "My Lord, will you pay my debts?" "Lord Congleton, here's my account."

"Friends, it is past twelve o'clock," said he, as he drove away.

The Hem of His Garment!

"If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole."—MATTHEW ix. 21.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. She only touched the hem of His gar - ment As
2. She came in fear and trem - bling be - fore Him, She
3. He turned with "Daugh - ter, be of good com - fort, Thy
1. to His side she stole, A mid the crowd that
2. knew her Lord had come, She felt that from Him
3. faith hath made thee whole!" And peace that pass eth
1. ga - thered a - round Him; And straight - way she was whole.
2. vir - tue had healed her; The migh - ty deed was done.
3. all un - der - stand - ing With glad - ness filled her soul.
CHORUS.
Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment! And thou, too, shalt be free!
His sav - ing power this ve - ry hour Shall give new life to thee!

COURAGE OF HIGH ORDER.

When the famous mine in front of Petersburg had been completed and the national troops drawn up ready to charge the enemy's works, as soon as the mine had done its work in creating a breach, the signal was given just before daylight, the fuse was lighted, and the command stood waiting with intense anxiety for the explosion which was to follow. But seconds, then minutes, then tens of minutes passed, and no sound from the mine. The suspense became painful, and the gloom of disappointment overspread the anxious faces of officers and men. The fuse had been spliced about midway. It was now thought that there was a defect in the splice, and that it was at this point that the fuse was hanging fire. The day was breaking; the enemy were becoming alert at sight of our unmasked columns; there was not a moment to be lost. Lieut. Doughty and Sergt. Reese, of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, now volunteered to examine the fuse. They entered the long, dark gallery which led to the mine, and without stopping to calculate the chances of life, calmly exposed themselves to one of the most horrible forms of death. With no excitement to lend them its intoxication, with nothing to divert their minds from the fate which seemed to await them, they followed the course of the fuse through the long subterranean passage, found the defect at which the spark had been arrested, and made a new splice. On their return the match was again applied, and the train was now prompt to do its deadly work. These men displayed even a higher order of courage than those who afterwards charged into the breach.—*Gen. Horace Porter in the Century.*

AN INCIDENT FROM NORTHFIELD.

During the last Convention Mr. Moody was speaking upon prayer, and an incident occurred illustrating his subject, which made a profound impression, and came home to everyone. He said true prayer consisted of ten elements, Adoration, Confession, Restitution, Thansgiving, Unity, or Brotherly Love, the Spirit of Forgiveness, Faith, Ask (with a beggar's importunity, a servant's docility, and a friend's confidence), Perseverence, and, last, Submission. When he came to the third element, Restitution, a man rose in the audience and cried out:—

Mr. Moody, let me cut in here. I went to Texas five years ago, having cheated my creditors of 15,000 dollars. My wife and I thought we were real smart. We settled in one of the cities, bought a nice house and furnished it tip top, grand piano, Brussels carpets, and my wife thought no end of the lace curtains. But we had hardly got settled down when Mr. Moody came along, and, like others, we followed the crowd of "professors" and church members. He preached the same sermon we have so far heard to-night. The Spirit of God convicted me and my wife both of sin, on this head of Restitution; and we went home perfectly miserable. I said, "Loo, what are we to do?" "Do!" says she; "you know what to do without asking me; repay everybody to the last cent." No sooner said than done; the house was sold and an auction called right away, and, oh, the joy I had in handing up the silverware and the china. The piano and all went, but my wife was so happy at parting with the lace curtains it was really curious. Then we took two little rooms, a bed-room and a kitchen, and the only table we had was the one we had used in the kitchen for chopping meat on; but the Lord filled us with himself, and we had peace and joy, because we had pardon and a clean conscience. The dear Lord has blessed me far above my desert and beyond what the devil led me to steal, and we have come to Northfield to praise the Lord and carry back with us to Texas a fresh baptism of the blessed power which set us free five years ago.

There was hardly a dry eye in the great audience, and to watch Mr. Moody was a study—he did not say a word, but looked over his glasses now on one side, now on the other, all over the house, then, after the pause had had its effect, he quietly went on with the next head of his discourse. —*The Christian.*

DO NOT WASTE a minute, nor a second, in trying to demonstrate to others the merits of your own performance. If your work does not vindicate itself, you can not vindicate it, but you can labor steadily on, to something which needs no advocate but itself. . . . Toughen yourself a little, and accomplish something better. Inscribe over your desk the words of Rivarol: "Genius is only great patience." It was Keats, the most precocious of all great poets who declared that "nothing is finer for purposes of production than a very gradual ripening of the intellectual powers."

REFLECT upon your present blessings, of which every man has many, not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—*Dickens.*

FAITHFUL IN ALL THINGS.

The clock was striking five as Fanny Lenox ran up stairs and stopped at the door of her aunt's little study. The portiere was only half drawn; beyond it the room looked warm and inviting in the red glow of the coal fire, and at a low table near the window sat Aunt Clara herself, busily writing by the fading daylight.

"May I come in, auntie?"

"Certainly; come right in," answered Aunt Clara, without looking up. Fanny drew up a chair before the grate and sat down, with her elbows on her knees, and her chin in her hands, gazing meditatively into the fire. Presently, Aunt Clara laid down her pen, and asked, as she hunted through the mass of papers before her for an envelope:

"Was it a pleasant afternoon, Fan?"

"Oh, yes; very pleasant," answered Fanny, absently. Then, suddenly turning toward her aunt, she said:

"You know that Jessie Mather I thought I was going to like so much?"

"I think so; the pretty, slender girl who lives down on Willow street?"

"In that lovely house back from the street, with a sloping lawn and a low fence with woodbine growing all over it. Yes, that is the one, and just let me tell you what happened this afternoon. While we were at sewing society, Mrs. Foote asked us if we would be willing to make a little contribution for the Indian girl they are going to send to school out West, and Jessie gave less than any of the rest."

"Perhaps she has other uses for her money," said Miss Chester.

"Well, then, after that we girls tried to get Jessie to take a class in sewing school, and she wouldn't promise. She said she would like it, but her time was so much taken up that she didn't think she could, and I know she doesn't have any more to do than I do."

"Perhaps she has home duties. You know, Fan, that last Saturday morning when I reminded you of that tear in your skirt, you said you would not have time to mend it, for you had to hurry not to be late for sewing-school."

Fanny made a wry face and laughed. "Oh, but I call that unkind," she said, "to choose this moment to expatiate upon my deficiencies! Never mind, auntie, I promise you I will have it mended by Saturday. I will, truly. But I have not finished about Jessie yet. You know how fond we girls all are of Mrs. Foote. She is always so kind and nice to us. So when she asked us if we would like to have charge of the dolls' booth at the fair in December, and take turns in coming down, we all agreed at once, except Jessie. She refused point blank to have anything to do with it. Oh, no, she wasn't rude. She was very polite, but she just wouldn't—that was all there was about it—and I must say we were disappointed not to have her fall in with any of our plans."

"It was disappointing," returned her aunt, "but Miss Mather does not look like a selfish or frivolous girl, so I think she probably has good reasons for refusing to join you; but may I speak to you quite frankly about all this charity work, Fan?"

"Do please."

"It seems to me," said Miss Chester, thoughtfully, "that it has become the fashionable thing now for every one to have some mission work to do. If it is not a class in sewing school, or kitchen garden, it is a sale or charity concert. Now, it is a useful fashion certainly, and I hope it may last, but I think there is danger of forgetting the real object of all this, and remembering only the social pleasure of it. It was only the other day I heard you speak of the way some of the girls tried to 'freeze out' that quiet Miss Warner because she does not exactly belong to your set in society. Oh, I know, my dear, that you had no share in that, but there is too much of that spirit. We should not bring up distinctions of that sort when we come together for missionary work. And now about giving: Fan, don't you—and the other girls too—have an idea that if you give so much of your time and money to good works, the rest of it belongs to you to do whatever you like with? I think you do. I used to feel that way. All your time and money is God's, my dear, and you should bear that in mind as much when you buy a pair of gloves for yourself as when you use a part of your allowance for the Aid Society, and try to make the time as well spent in His service which you take for your French lessons, as the hours spent in church every Sunday."

"Does any one live like that?" asked Fan, looking up at her aunt with a flushed and thoughtful face.

"Oh yes! Many do," said Aunt Clara, "and it is easier than to live two lives, each independent of the other."

The tea-bell put an end to the discussion for the time, but one day, a week later, Fanny came into her aunt's room again. Miss Chester was lying on a lounge with her face turned toward the flickering firelight. The room was nearly dark.

"You see before you a guilty and abject wretch," said Fanny meekly. "Have you a hassock handy! A low position best befits my humble state of mind. Will it tire you if I talk?"

"No, indeed, go on," said Miss Chester.

"You know Jessie and I agreed to go to the Camera Club's exhibition together, this afternoon, so I called for her at three o'clock. The servant showed me up into Jessie's room—such a charming room, auntie, Indian curtains and bamboo chairs and pictures everywhere—and there was Jessie ripping away at an old coat. I offered to help her, but she said she had nearly finished; her mother was going to alter it for some girl who needed it. It was a nice coat, not a bit shabby. When we were ready to go, Jessie asked me if I would mind going a little out of my way, as we were so early. Of course, I said No, and we went down stairs. Jessie's mother came out to say good-bye to us, and she gave Jessie a bunch of beautiful roses. I couldn't imagine what she was going to do with them. We stopped at a house on Bridge street, where a little lame girl lives—only think, auntie, she is hardly ever able to leave their room, and her grandmother has weak eyes, and is sick in bed with rheumatism now, besides. Jessie goes down to read to her nearly every Saturday, and she gives the little girl drawing lessons, and that is why she can't come to sewing school. When we had left the house, I said: 'Jessie, how pretty those roses would have been with your white dress at Mrs. Lee's musicale to-night!' 'Yes,' she said, 'but I shall do very well without them, and they would have been spoiled any way, while now Mrs. Morrison will have them three or four days.' Then I just thought I'd ask her why she wouldn't be in the fair, and she said her mother did not like her to take up such things while she was in school, and they thought it would be just as useful if they made their contribution in money."

"I should think so indeed," said Aunt Clara.

"You speak feelingly, auntie," said Fanny. "One thing more and I am done. I asked Jessie if she and her mother made a rule to give just so much to mission work and all that. She told me her mother said that all their money belonged to God, and she tried to keep that in mind whatever she used it for."

"That is it, exactly," said Miss Chester, "and I think, Fan, that if you too will remember that, all these little perplexities will settle themselves for you as you go along."—*N. Y. Observer.*

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Question Corner.—No. 20.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

55. What king cut off the hands and feet of seventy kings whom he had conquered and later suffered the same fate himself?

56. What king had a bedstead of iron, and how large was it?

A NEW MISSION WORK FOR OUR MESSENGER READERS.

The following two letters written to the *Witness* some few weeks ago even more intimately concern the readers of the *Northern Messenger* and should be seen by them. The letters speak for themselves.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a dollar, please send to Japan the *Northern Messenger*, single number, when published, as far as the money will reach to. But I would like to know who are likely to read them then as, of course, it is printed in our language. I wish to help a little in the extending of our Master's kingdom.

EDITOR HOME DEPARTMENT.—Enclosed please find $1.56 for which kindly continue to send the *Witness* as usual and the *Northern Messenger* for a year to one of the many missionaries in Japan, where it may be acceptable.

On receiving these we wrote to the Rev. Otis Cary, Jr., a missionary who has labored for some time in Japan, and received the following reply.

"I would.....suggest the following names which I try to write plainly in order to avoid the mistakes that easily arise in reading foreign names. Miss Mitsu Shigemi, Sanyo, Jogakko, Okayama, Japan. Rev. T. Kajiro, Kirisutokyo, Kwaido, Tottori, Japan. The first name is that of the principal of a large girls' school, and I am sure she could make the paper useful to herself and her pupils. The other person being in a place remote from other Christian workers has often sent to me for books or papers in easy English which would afford him help in the preparation of sermons, Sunday-school talks, etc. He could also use the papers in a girls' school and a young people's society which are under his care. I am sure that both persons would make good use of the paper and I think them more likely to see that it is put where many will get the benefit of it than would be the case if it were sent to pupils in the schools. *Those who have so kindly offered to send the papers may be assured that the seed they have sown will fall into good ground. In this critical period of Japan's history every good influence is doubly effective.*

"OTIS CARY."

Now we should like to know how many of our young friends are going to see their way clear to engage in this very practical mission work. We will help them in every way we can, and for any one who will send such a subscription we will, as far as lies in our power, see that it reaches the places where it is needed. Would not this be a good way, too, for our young friends to keep themselves posted on the mission work being actually done in that wonderful "Land of the Rising Sun?" We feel sure that missionaries receiving these papers would write us short letters occasionally telling us something about their work.

A copy of the *Northern Messenger* can be sent to Japan for one year for the small sum of 56 cents, twenty-six of that being for postage, as papers cannot be sent free to that country as they are to British and United States territory, and two copies can be sent for the postage of one, so that while you pay 56 cents for one copy to one place you can send two for 86 cents, and for clubs a still greater reduction is given.

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Read the following list of prizes offered for the *Northern Messenger* and see how anyone with very little effort can become the owner of a nice prize.

To the person sending us FIVE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS or SEVEN RENEWALS at 30 cents each we will give their choice of any one of eight beautiful prizes, as follows:—

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3. FAST IN THE ICE.—The thrilling story of Arctic adventure, by R. M. Ballantyne.
4. ILLUSTRATED NATIONAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY
5. A SILVER-PLATED SUGAR SHELL.
6. A SILVER-PLATED BUTTER KNIFE.

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1. A KNIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."—By the Rev. E. P. Roe.
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3. THE HOME AT GREYLOCK.
4. BEN HUR, by General Lew Wallace.
5. THE PEEP OF DAY.
6. MRS SOLOMON SMITH LOOKING ON.—By PANSY;
7. THE POCKET MEASURE.—By "Pansy
8. THREE PEOPLE.—By "Pansy;"
9. SHELL ANIMALS.—A large box of brilliantly colored pictures of all sorts of animals on strong pasteboard.
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